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TARPITUR

NINETEEN TWENTY-THREE

Published by
The Senior Class of Goldsboro High School
Goldsboro, N. C.

THE HIGH SCHOOL

Wayne County Public Library
Goldsboro, N. C.

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FOREWORD

"Love, labor, and laugh" is the motto of the Class of '23.

This fourth volume of TARPITUR has been a labor of love on the part of the Staff.

We hope that you will enjoy it and laugh, not at us, but with us.

DEDICATION

TO

MISS LILY WALKER

Who "plays the game" herself— and has done so much to teach us the meaning of good sportsmanship.

MISS LILY WALKER

The Staff

Duncan Elgin
BUSINESS MGR.

Herbert Roscower
BUSINESS MGR.

1923

Andrina McIntyre
EDITOR IN CHIEF

Charles Norwood
PICTURE EDITOR

Mary Crawford
SCHOOL EDITOR

The Staff

Egbert Smith
ATHLETIC EDITOR

Thelma Brocke
SENIOR EDITOR

Eva Mae Giddens
SOCIETY EDITOR

S L G

1923

Elizabeth Johnson
ART EDITOR

Elizabeth Rosenthal
WIT EDITOR

Walter Creech
JUNIOR EDITOR

Mat Gardner
SOPHOMORE EDITOR

Sarah Falkener
FRESHMEN EDITOR

The TARPITUR

THE old middle building is soon to be scrapped. It is a romantic, an almost hallowed spot. It has seen active service in nearly every phase of North Carolina's history. First, in the good old days before the Civil War, it shared in the prosperity of our Southland as a seminary for young ladies. Then it knew the hardship and suffering of a hospital during the war. And afterwards, during the period of reconstruction, it was the birthplace, no doubt, of some of the ideas and ideals of Charles B. Aycock, who had charge of the school for a number of years in his early manhood. For this reason, if for no other, it should live long in the heart of every boy and girl of North Carolina.

And now it is to be made a junk pile. Perhaps it is better so. Times are changing. It would be alone in an alien generation whose ideals and aspirations it could not understand. Built in a bygone day, we bid it farewell, not without a sentimental twinge.

The mossy marbles rest
On the hearts that have been blest
By its aid,
And the joyous, merry laughter
With the bubbling echoes after
Has been stayed.

McIntyre, '23.

BOOK I
FACULTY

FACULTY

Mr. EMORY, *Principal*

To the Faculty

Who are:

To our faults not very kind
And to our virtues always blind.

Senior privileges have always been few and far between, but the only one that survives for the Class of '23 is that of having Miss Nellie to comfort us through all our trials and tribulations. Our fondest hope for Miss Nellie is that some day she will really have a class of dignified Seniors who won't have to be called to order. Miss Cobb attended Norfolk College and Boston Cooking School.

Mr. Shepard returned this year, and is "everything" in our Science Department. Last year he spent every week-end in Wilmington, but this year Goldsboro is more attractive to him than his own home town. "There's a reason," and it isn't Postum. In the meantime, however, Mr. Shepard has coached all our athletic teams faithfully and well. He is a graduate of Carolina, where he received an A. B. degree.

Mr. Emory, our Principal, has been with us for three years, and "every day in every way he gets better and better." He is beloved by the whole town, as well as by every High School student, and we have every reason to believe that there will always be a tender spot in his heart for Goldsboro. Mr. Emory knows so much that we often wonder how one head holds so much. He received it from Randolph-Macon, where he obtained his A. B. degree, and from Columbia, where he received his M. A. degree.

Miss Marshall is a newcomer to our school. We especially like her because she is always willing to let bygones be bygones, and let us have one more chance. She teaches us history, and in her dreadful task is the most patient of the patient. Miss Marshall is a South Carolinian, and received an A. B. degree from Winthrop College.

Miss Walker returned to G. H. S. again this year, and is "the same ole Miss Walker," ready to teach us Geometry, and ready for fun in the meantime. She is a strong believer in "there's a time to keep silence, and a time to speak, a time to mourn, and a time to dance." However, whatever she is doing she does so well that we trust Miss Walker with any and everything. "To know her is to love her." The Seniors know her and have dedicated their edition of TARPITUR to her. Miss Walker attended Queen's College, and has studied at Peabody and Columbia University.

Among our teachers is one who is so quiet and attends so strictly to business that only the Domestic Science girls know her very well. This is Miss Jemison, our Domestic Science teacher. A peep into the Domestic Science kitchen will fully explain how she spends her time, and anyone will tell you that she is making real cooks out of those Freshmen and Sophomores. She graduated from the Alabama Synodical College, where she received her A. B. degree.

Miss Doub, of the English Department, is a favorite in the High School. She has taken great interest in the debates, and much of the success of the inter-class debates this year is due to her untiring efforts. She helped us organize our Dramatic Club, and enthusiastically helps us in whatever we undertake. Miss Doub received a B. L. degree from Flora MacDonald College, Red Springs, N. C.

The TARPITUR

Mondays and Thursdays are favorite days in the High School, because they are "Miss Edmondson days." We are always sure of a good time when Miss Edmondson takes charge for singing period. Her songs and our singing get better and better every year. Miss Edmondson graduated from the State Normal at Farmville, Va.

"Just a minute, Annie Battle, I'm coming." This familiar phrase is from the sewing department. Miss Bogle is going to the reesue of Annie Battle, who can't tell which is the baek and front of the pattern. Luckily for all of us, Miss Bogle is always willing to explain one more time. She is turning out real seamstresses. If you don't believe it, ask any High School boy. They attend all the monthly exhibits very enthusiastieally. Miss Bogle received a B. S. degree from the University of Tennessee.

Miss Mooney is another of our new teachers. She teaches Latin, and the question is what she does to make her Cæsar and Virgil elasses so very interesting. The Sophomores ean hardly wait for Latin period to come, and the Freshmen wonder what people have always seen so unattractive about Latin. We have decided that it's Miss Mooney, and not the subject. Anyhow we're all crazy about her. She received an A. B. degree from Randolph-Macon, and has also attended Columbia University.

Mr. Wagner is a man of few words. We see very little of him on the halls. However, we know "that old workshop, it ain't what it used to be." The boys all say that he's mighty generous about giving hours after school, and we know it to be a fact that he's mighty generous about getting anything you want fixed in his shop. Mr. Wagner attended Miami College, Ohio, where he received his diploma in Industrial Education.

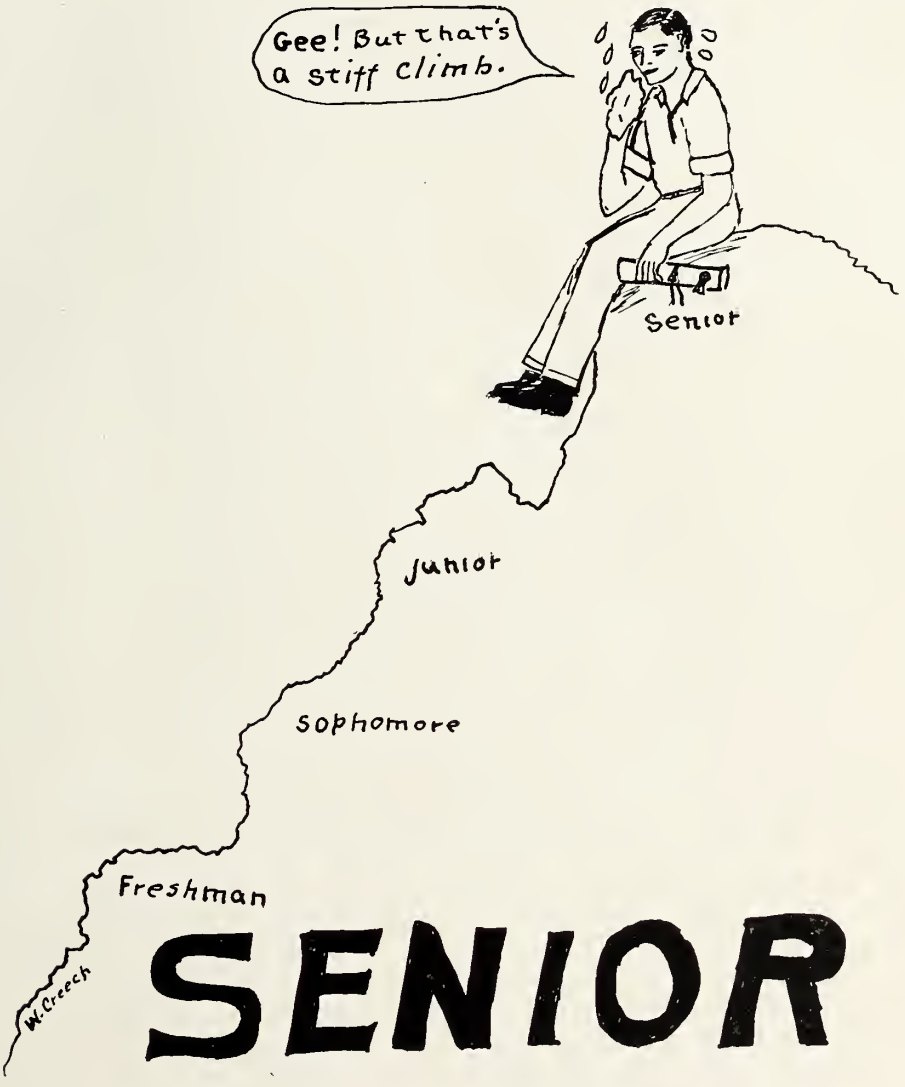
Miss Kornegay, our Freneh teacher, is a general favorite in our school. She is "into everything," from eoaehing the Junior play to playing pop-lash on the yard. She is a good sport, and is one of the fairest of the squarest. She has an A. B. from Trinity, and has also attended Columbia.

This is Miss Lawley's first year here, but it didn't take us long to learn that she is just the kind that everybody likes to be around. She is "at home" in the business room, and receives many callers before school and between bells. Miss Lawley willingly "fills in" at any time or place; so we always call on her. She attended the Mississippi State College, where she received an A. B. degree.

Last, but not least, is Miss Peele, the head of the English Department. She has been with us several years, and has become quite an important part of G. H. S. Miss Peele is the best of teachers in the sehool room, and the best cheer leader at the football game. This year, as usual, Miss Peele has coached the debaters, and is largely responsible for TARPITUR. She is liked by every student in High Sehool, and has a place in our school life whieh no other can fill. Miss Peele received an A. B. degree from the University of North Carolina, and has also studied at Columbia University.

MARY CRAWFORD, '23.

BOOK II
SENIORS


Gee! But that's a stiff climb.
Senior
Junior
Sophomore
Freshman
W. Creech

SENIOR

Class Poem

We know we were green as green could be
When first we entered here.
Our studies begun, there was much to be done
And we certainly caught it that year;
'Twas Latin and Science and Algebra
To study both night and day,
But after many knocks and hardships
The first year passed from our way.

But lo! There came a bright day
When Sophomores we became,
Which brought new hope in every way
With Seniordom our aim.

Two mile posts were safely passed,
And the third one was in sight;
"Love, labor, and laugh," that's what we did
As we pushed forward with all our might.
With retrospective thoughts we paused,
To look back o'er our days,
And we viewed with untold pleasure
The past in its mystic haze.

At last, my friends, our goal is reached,
And soon we needs must part;
But you, Alma Mater, will always hold
A dear place in every heart.

ANNETTE BONEY.

CHANCIE BARCLIFT

"D. Webster" entered the class in our Senior year. He came to us from the extreme eastern part of the State, or perhaps more familiarly known as "Down Home!" We liked him so well that we made him President, and we all predict for him much success in life.

President Class '23.

CHARLES BARHAM

"Charlie" is one of those mixtures of personality hard to explain. He is conscientious in the performance of school duties (?), and prompt and regular in attendance to everything. Well, he's just a good fellow thru and thru.

Baseball '20, '21, '22, '23; Basketball '23; Track Team '23; Annual Staff '20; Dramatic Club '23; Secretary Class '20; Junior Play '22.

HENRY BIZZELL

Henry is just plumb good! Though quite a tease, everyone likes him that knows him. In school he is strictly business; after school he is often seen enjoying what must be his favorite pastime—riding.

Junior Play '22; Football '22.

ANNETTE BONEY

Whenever you hear "Hey, Pretty," you may know Annette's close by. She is very ambitious—to "marry a man with a million," and you never can tell! Though she's been with us only a year, she's succeeded in that short time in vamping just about *all* our Senior boys. She's not so studious—no—but with so many hearts on hand, how could she be? Annette is a good old girl, and to know her is to love her. Ask any Senior.

Class Poet '23; Dramatic Club.

GABRIEL BONEY

Gabriel goes about among us attending to his business, and apparently with little concern for the other fellows. He is steady, true and consistent to all duties. He stands high in his classes, and has the peculiar, but yet valuable, gift of answering the instructor's question correctly even if he hasn't studied his lesson.

Football '20, '21, '22; Treasurer Class '21; Junior Play '22.

THELMA BROCKE

"The mildest of manners and the gentlest of hearts." She moves among us from day to day calm, serene and sure. She is a good companion for study or play.

Class Editor of TARPITUR '23.

ANNIE MAE BROWN

Annie Mae is hard to describe because she is so very quiet and retiring, except possibly to her closest friends. She is a good average student, and is especially good at debating.

MARY CRAWFORD

Mary is one of our prettiest girls and one of our best students. She is always ready to serve on any committee, or be in any play, or anything pertaining to school activities.

President Class '22; Junior Play '22; Inter-Class Debates '22-'23; Secretary Dramatic Club '23; School Editor TARPITUR '23.

RUBY CROW

Ruby never "crows" loudly on class, though we know that she could explain it if she wasn't rather bashful. Yes, she's shy in class, but those who know her find things entirely different out of school.

Dramatic Club '23; Glee Club '20-'21.

PAULINE CROWSON

"Pip." That's all, just "Pip." She skims thru everything easier 'n the rest of us can, and she always comes out "up 'n above board." She's "different," but why? We don't know. But we wonder if she'll ever realize her ambition—"to be taken seriously."

Critic of McNeill I '21; Vice-President McNeil I '22; Basketball '22-'23; Dramatic Club '23.

DUNCAN ELGIN

Though "Dunc" has been with us only since we were Juniors, he has shown us that he is able to do anything from helping to manage the Book Room to acting as Corresponding Business Manager on the TARPITUR staff.

Baseball '22-'23; Business Manager TARPITUR '23; Tennis Champion, Singles and Doubles '22; Editor of "Bug House Journal."

RALPH EPSTEIN

"Boody"—no one knows how or why, but "Boody" he is. Since his football training he enjoys the rank of champion sprinter in the 12:30 dash. He never uses one word where two will do, and he's an exasperating tease, but his good humor is so unfailing, his assistance so ready, his style so amusing, that most folks find him altogether likable.

Football '21-'22; Basketball '22-'23; Baseball '22-'23; Dramatic Club '23; Junior Play '22.

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THELMA FAUST

Here is one of our "stars." She especially shines forth when we are having the dark and gloomy periods in math. We ully expect her to bring credit to '23 as a bookkeeper and stenographer.

SHOCKLEY GARDNER

"Shock;" the toast of Goldsboro's gridiron and wounded hero of same, is beloved of all the ladies. Unfortunately, though, his heart is set on business, and he is oftener seen in the typewriter room than chatting in the halls. Bluff, hearty, good-natured, "Shock" is a good sport and a trusty friend—and he is the friend of all who meet him.

Football '19, '22, '23; President O. Henry I '22; Treasurer Class '23.

EVA MAE GIDDENS

In geometrical terms, E'Mae is our most "variable" Senior. Her wit is without "limit." She looks forward to the holidays that the Carolina boys get, and we don't know why, unless it's because "Louis" comes home.

Treasurer Class '20; Secretary Class '21; Secretary McNeill II '22; Glee Club '20-'21; Society Editor TARPITUR '23; Vice-President McNeill II '22.

McKINLEY GINN

There's only one of his kind, and that's "Country." Unique from his Ford to his vocabulary, he has a crinkly grin that melts the most solemn teacher into an answering smile. He takes his own time and his own way to express himself, but he always knows what he's about. His ambition is to keep plenty of houn' dogs and to farm in a swamp, raising—what?

Football '21.

BEN F. GRADY

"Ben" is short in stature but not in his range of explaining things; and though he always knows why he is talking, and what he is talking about, he's usually nervous. Why?

Baseball Team '21, '22, '23; Football '23; Critic O. Henry I '21.

THOMAS GRIFFIN

"Tommy" is the sort of boy that everybody likes. He seems to have the genius of making friends of teachers and schoolmates alike. He has a sort of winsomeness about his personality that disarms criticism even of those faults that most grieve his friends and well-wishers.

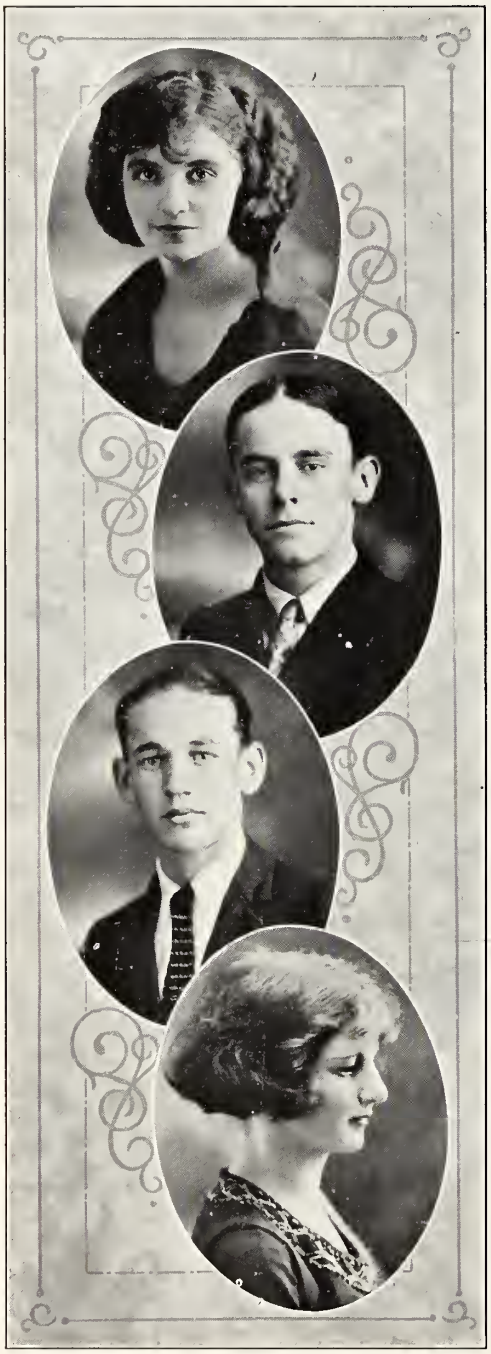
Football '21-'22.

GLADYS HERRING

Gladys is one of our quietest of girls—seemingly. She is one of the type that is rare among us Seniors, for she is dignified. Of course she is occasionally just a little mean; but how could she be otherwise when she steadily associates with the rest of us?

MARGARET HINSON

Fair of face is "Maggie." Though she doesn't physically resemble "Maggie J," we wonder if she'll have as much "elbow grease" in wielding the rolling pin, or the mental ability to prevent the "corn beef and cabbage" parties. (Poor Ed!)



RUBY HINSON

Ruby has the poise of a veteran when she puts on that quiet, exclusive manner in class, yet her eye has a snap and a sparkle that suggests quite another person outside of school. Dainty and demure, a lady who minds her own business and minds it well, who would ever believe that her ambition is to trap a man with beaucoup money? But many people call her "Bebe."

Glee Club '21-'22; Junior Play '22.

AMBROSE HUMPHREY

There's no describing Ambrose. Comparison is futile, because there is none like him. Superlatives are out of place, because he is an extremist in nothing. Yet nothing could be farther from the truth than to class him as an "average boy." The fact is that Ambrose is just Ambrose—original, whimsical, yet modest and rather retiring.

Football '22.

EDWIN IPOCK

Debater, theme and essay writer, reciter in history, and a participant in all athletic activities—these make Edwin a good all-round fellow. What more could be desired?

Inter-Class Debates '21, '22, '23; Triangular Debate '23.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON

Ready for fun when mischief is afoot, willing to work (?) when duty calls her away from pleasure—that's "Liz." Everybody knows that she can do 'most anything from "tripping the light fantastic" to even "snitching" an Algebra class.

Seriously speaking, "Liz" is just a fine all-round fellow—a girl all of us love to be around.

Secretary McNeill II '21; Basketball '20; Junior Play '22; Dramatic Club '23; Glee Club '21; Vice-President Class '20; Secretary Class '22.

ELMA JONES

Elma is very quiet, dignified and studious, and though she has been with us only since we were Juniors, she has shown us that she can write very good English themes, and this is an accomplishment any of us would like to have.

Dramatic Club '23; Glee Club '22.

LILLIE KADIS

Lillie is a good girl, full of humor, and ready to be in on everything from basketball to the Dramatic Club. She is "slow but sure," and after a long and hard struggle (the same as the rest of us) she is a Senior.

Basketball '22-'23; Inter-Class Debate '21; Dramatic Club '23.

RUTH MALPASS

"A violet by a mossy stone half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky."

Yes, this is our Ruth; quiet, demure and dignified, but among such a class of "rowdies" we need someone who is modest, don't we?

ANDRINA McINTYRE

Andrina has the misfortune of being one of those intellectual people who inspire awe in the average-minded, jealousy in those who but for her might hope to "shine" themselves, and pure terror in those who are pitted against her in argument or debate. Of a naturally inquisitive mind, she sometimes gives the impression of setting a trap for the unwary instructor. The self-consciousness of the unusually gifted also gives the impression of aloofness, to some even of selfishness. But those who really know her find her courteous, considerate, loyal and devoted.

Glee Club '21; Critic McNeill III '21; Inter-Class Debate '21-'22; Junior Play '22; President Dramatic Claub '23; Editor-in-Chief TARPITUR '23.

ANNIE BATTLE MILLER

"She's a winsome wee thing;
She's a bonnie wee thing."

In stature A. B. is so small that she takes the prize for "minuteness," but what does that matter? She has knowledge galore.

President McNeill I '22; Critic McNeil I '20; Junior Play '22; Basketball '21, '22, '23; Class Statistician '23; Dramatic Club '23.

CHARLES NORWOOD

"Just a minute, Miss Peele, I don't quite get that." Everybody sighs, sits back and gives up the floor so Charles can get the point. All joking aside, whenever we want anything done we can depend upon Charles to do it, and to do it well. As pieture editor of TARPITUR he has been a credit to '23.

President Class '20; Secretary Class '23; Dramatic Club '23; Junior Play '22; Football '20, '21, '22; Basketball '21, '22, '23; TARPITUR Art Editor-Track Team '23; Inter-Class Debate '22-'23; TARPITUR Class Editor '20; Critic O. Henry II '22; Glee Club '22.

ELIZABETH PARKER

Gentle, shy, dignified, bashful, these characterize "Betsy." Mirthful and dainty with her cheering smiles she moves among us from day to day. She is able to do this beeause her mind is free from thoughts of men. That's "Betsy."

Junior Play '22.

HALLIE PATE

A nickname is supposed usually to characterize the person. The rule holds true in this ease, for "Happy" bespeaks the personality of this Senior. She is witty, and we trust her to put the finishing touches to everything. She's been with us all through our travels to Seniordom, and she and "Henry" together have lessened (with their remarks) the bad bumps and jolts along the road.

Censor McNeill I '21-'22.

JAMES PILKINTON

Few people know "Jimmy." He has a keen sense of humor, but he displays it only in his English themes, or possibly in conversation with his intimates. He has far more than average ability as a student, but his impatience in matters of detail usually keeps this ability from showing on his report card. He has a gift of expression, but a somewhat fickle muse, which prevents his reaching very high scores in English composition. On the whole he seems doomed to "blush unseen and waste his fragrance on the desert air."

Secretary O. Henry I '19; Junior Play '22.

ALBERT POPLIN

Albert is hard to describe, and would be still harder to compare. He has to a great extent ways all his own. He doesn't show any particular interest in anything, but still he gives a portion of his time to practically everything.

Secretary O. Henry II '20.

MARY POPLIN

Big of heart, congenial, and easy-going, she is the same wherever one sees her. "Pary Moplin" is just the balance of seriousness that makes for friends and success.

JULIA PRINCE

Though she is a "June Bug," or that is what "they" call her, she is always deep in "love affairs" (should it be plural?). Like so many others, she dislikes English themes, and she has no ambition, but we wonder about the latter. Don't you?

Basketball '22-'23.

HERBERT ROSCOWER

Herbert is the sort of a fellow that doesn't take anything for granted; he has to be shown. He contends that a thing is either right or wrong, and he proceeds to prove it the same.

Secretary O. Henry II '19; Business Manager of Junior Play '22; Business Manager TARPITUR '23.

ELIZABETH ROSENTHAL

Elizabeth is the tease of our class; she is also one of our most winsome Seniors. Her dry wit is the source of much pleasure. Though affectionate by nature she would not admit it for the world.

Basketball '20, '21, '22; Annual Staff '23; Junior Play '22.

JANIE SCOTT

We all know Janie by her pleasant good-natured, jovial way. She is grown up as far as size goes, but not in years and ways. She is one of the youngest of us, and we like her just because she is our innocent Janie.

BERTHA LEE SHERARD

To one who doesn't know her very intimately, Bertha Lee may appear to have much timidity. But those who know her in the inner circle of friendship find her to be jolly, humorous and courageous. She is modest and gentle, but when it comes time for her to speak there is no hesitancy on her part.

ANNIE SIMPKINS

"Ann" is possessed of a keen, analytical mind, is quick to catch and solve a puzzling problem, even the most difficult kind. Good natured and kind-hearted, she is the right kind of girl for a friend. On every question she is ready for a stand.

EGBERT SMITH

To have the history lesson recited perfectly, down to the smallest detail and date, get "Red" to do it. He is also well able to keep a store, as is shown by his management of the Book Room this year. Yes, he's in all athletic activities, too, not to mention his ability as an actor in the plays given by our class.

Basketball '22-'23; Football '22; Athletic Editor of TARPITUR '23.

HAZEL STALLINGS

Hazel outshines every one of us in math. Why? Well, it just comes to her, and it doesn't to us. Hazel's simply a good all-round girl, and it would do some of us good to follow and "take after" her in her studious ways.

MARIE WILSON

Keen of perception and fast of thought Marie, one of our youngest Seniors; but (?) "Oh! he's just a little Sophomore!" She's the girl who can, on the instant, size up a situation and suggest the finish that fits.

MARY ZEALY

"Split it for team!" or "Gimme five"—that's Doc Zealy. From transportation manager of the football team to speaker at the Banquet, she's into each school activity with every ounce of her pep and energy. When you want something done see Mary, and it is "practically" done. Thoughtful and unselfish in a quiet way, studious enough to carry off I on her work, popular enough to "sass" the whole student body—she's our Doc Zealey—good scout.

Basketball '21-'23; Critic McNeil II '21; Censor McNeil II '20; President McNeil II '22; Junior Play '22; President Class '21; Class Editor Annual '21-'22; Dramatic Club '23; Inter-Class Debate '23; Class Historian '23.

History

The Wanderings of the Seniors

AFTER we had been exiled from the Grammar Land, we began our long and tedious journey to our promised land, Seniordom. We were tossed about o'er many a sea and were driven to and fro by every misfortune. Straight in our course lay the Fresh Land. It had been predicted that for nine weary months we must inhabit the land. If we endured the hardships which were allotted us by the Fates, we might proceed with our journey. Though our stay was to be a brief one, we received our share of hardships. We were smitten from every source by the plague. Some called it Hazing; others Exams and Failure.

Then the day came for us to move on. Our journey was resumed, but the Fates would have it that there should be further delay. The blustering north wind roused the storms and there was a mighty struggle with Death. Finally we were victorious, but our fleet needed repairs, so we were forced to put to shore. While exiles in this strange Soph Land that mighty plague, Exams, swept over us. A new pestilence which some called Debates was raging in the land. It was a precious few of our number that survived and were able to continue our journey.

Far in the distance from the Soph Land we could see that magnificent city, Junior. We were eager to visit this country, for we had heard much of its glory. We traversed the distance in a remarkably short time. So great were the attractions in this city that our stay seemed very brief indeed.

For the first time on our journey we really enjoyed athletic game and contests We excelled in Basket Ball. Here the Literary Societies seemed to grow better and better. But alas! we were to have our troubles and misfortunes wherever we went. Again that strange pestilence of which I have spoken before assailed us. But in this struggle with Debates we were the victors. Slowly we regained our strength and were again a part of the city life. We took part in the Junior Play which everyone said was a success. The spring brought in a very contagious disease, Lazeitis. We fought this disease with might and main, for we had lost

practically a third of our companions already. And then came the day of all days; the day when the annual Junior Festival took place. This Festival was given for the visitors in Junior who would soon resume their travels. As the spring months passed by further delay was impossible. It was with sad hearts that we bade Junior farewell, for all too soon were we approaching Seniordom and the cares and responsibilities of that realm.

Once settled in that country a goodly number of us were immune from Exams. But as it had come before, so it came now. Debates was again raging among us. None of our number fell this time. Manifold were our thanks for this blessing. Great was our rejoicing, and a magnificent banquet was prepared for us. And there were other pleasures and feastings. But alas! It was pleasant to be sure, but we prefer to take up our journey where we have left off, for each of us has his or her duties to fulfill in Life. Thus it is that we, with heavy hearts, have hoisted our anchor and are slowly drifting out upon Life's sea.

ZEALY,
Historian '23.

Wayne County Public Library
Goldsboro, N. C.

Prophecy

"Great grief, Granny! I've been made prophet of my class, and I just can't do it. I just can't! There' so much to do. Sue Jane is having a party tonight, Bill is coming home for the week end, and, Oh, shucks, I've got to have the thing ready by Monday."

"Now, dear," I said, "sit down and get calm, and maybe I can help you. How time flies! It seems only yesterday that I was writing my class prophecy. I wonder if I prophesied correctly.

"Sit down! May be I can remember some of the things I wrote then.

"Let me see! I said then that Pauline Crowson and Elizabeth Rosenthal had opened a girls' school and were doing well, but that wasn't right, for I remember reading in the paper—about ten years ago—an account of the Gardner-Rosenthal wedding, and after reading further I found that the happy couple was none other than my old school friends, Elizabeth and Shockley. Imagine it! Well, I'd been wrong then, but I reckon Elizabeth was much happier married than an old maid school dean.

"What happened to Pauline? Well, she really was running a school. There were some more I had prophesied right, too. Mary Zealy had had one of the greatest careers as a toe dancer. Of course, she's retired in her old age, but Mary had had her fling in the world.

"Our president, Chancie, was a notorious criminal, serving a life sentence in the penitentiary. How the boy had changed! He was so ambitious to be a minister. I was wrong in saying that Albert Poplin would be the President of the United States, for alas! I remember seeing him not long ago standing by a peanut stand yelling 'hot peanuts' for all he was worth.

"Poor Gabriel! What a downfall! I went to see him in jail, and asked why he was there. He sorter grinned and said, 'That's what the people don't know.' I found out later that he was pulled for speeding in his red Buick that he had at last completed. What luck!

Janie Scott, poor girl, was still suffering terribly with appendicitis, had one attack right after another. It's a wonder to me that she hadn't died, but I don't know, Janie always was a healthy looking girl.

"I never dreamed that I was right in saying that Elizabeth Johnson's future would be centered around Honolulu, but I was. The last time I heard anything from Liz she was running a beauty parlor down there, and all the Honolulu damsels were patronizing her wonderfully. I always knew Liz was crazy to go to Honolulu, but I never thought she would go, and certainly not to open a beauty parlor.

"There was one boy that had had what I call a hard road to travel in life. Poor Tom Griffin! He had tried to succeed in every kind of business in the world from boot-blacking to Governor of North Carolina. I think he is now in the poorhouse.

"I will tell you another very interesting prophecy that I made then, and have learned that it really came true. That was that Charles Barham was making all kinds of money going around with some side show as the tallest man in captivity. Imagine it, Charles Barham! I often wonder how his and Annette Boney's romance ever turned out. She must have kicked him after he started lengthening so.

The TARPITUR

"Red Smith, Duncan Elgin, and Edwin Ipock were three of the most confirmed bachelors in the country. Had all kinds of money and lived in a wonderful apartment in New York. I prophesied as much, but I didn't dream that it would come true. I heard that Annie B. Miller had organized a club of would-be wives, and that they had led these three bachelors a hot chase, and Annie Battle had finally landed Edwin.

"Andrina, as I said in my prophecy, is a politician. She has been Chief Justice of the Supreme Court for twenty years. She started life's work as a writer and as an artist, but soon realized that she was destined for the law.

"One of the sad things happening to any member of the class was the case of poor Elma Jones. After Chancie's downfall, she went to a convent to try to forget her unhappy love affair.

"Another thing that I prophesied correctly was that Charles Norwood would go to Africa to introduce Coué's auto-suggestion. I've never heard just how successful he was, but I suppose he came out all right—if he carried them out himself.

"What became of Mary Crawford? Oh, yes; she was to be a wonderful prima donna, but alas! For some reason or other after a certain "party" went to Africa, she joined the Chautauqua stage and lectured on 'the Deceitfulness of Men.'

"Hazel Stallings was a public stenographer for many years, but suddenly ran away with Ben Grady.

"In my prophecy, I remember saying that Marie Wilson, Ruth Malpass, Annie Mae Brown, Ruby Crow and Elizabeth Parker would be missionaries.

"I can't remember all the details of my prophecy, but I do know that Julia Prince and the ardent Bush were married and 'lived happily ever after.'

"Margaret Hinson, Ruby Hinson, Gladys Herring and Thelma Broeke formed an Old Maids' Union, and had as an honorary member Ralph Epstein.

"I remember saying that Hallie Pate would teach English in high school, and she did for a while, but soon eloped with Henry, and they are now very 'happy.'

"What about Henry B.? Oh, yes, he was to be a doctor, but it seems he's a travelin' man. I don't mean for any company, but just for the pleasure of it. He was left an immense fortune by some great, great, great uncle's first cousin's brother in-law, and was traveling from coast to coast and pole to pole.

"I've forgotten what I prophesied about Annie Simpkins, but I do know that she won fame on the screen, was really a wonderful actress.

"Some of the members of the class certainly have changed. Let me see, my dear, were they all of the class? Oh, yes, you've heard of the Poplin Pep Pills? Well, they are named for Mary Poplin. She was in my class, and I hear that she's made lots of money from them. Do you remember that divorce case that was written up in the papers so long? It happened about five years ago. I don't suppose you do, but anyway I thought the names were familiar, and finally it came to me all of a sudden who they were. It seems that McKinley and Lillie Kadis got married, and she was suing him for a divorce because Thelma Faust had almost succeeded in vamping him. Ah, my dear, your old granny is getting old now, and can't remember all the things she wrote then, but I think that is all.

"How often I've wished to know just how all of the lives of the class of 1923 turned out.

Eva Mae Giddens,
Prophet.

Last Will and Testament

WE, The Senior Class of Goldsboro High School realizing that our end is drawing near and that on the morrow we shall have gone from here, hereby draw up this last will and testament.

First: We leave our love and respect for old G. H. S. to the incoming Freshmen, hoping that they will be as loyal sons and daughters as we have striven to be.

Second: We will all our privileges and advantages of being Seniors, few as they may be, to the Junior Class.

Third: We leave to the Faculty the sincere hope that they will recover from all the worries which we as students have caused them and escape the gray hairs resulting thereby.

Fourth: As a final tribute of admiration and respect, we leave to Mr. Emory, who is preparing to sail on Life's Sea, our hope that his voyage be a long, happy and prosperous one.

Fifth: To the Sophomore Class, we leave our power of concentration, which we believe has served us to great advantage in many an inter-class debate.

Sixth: We, the Senior Class, realizing in Isaac, our janitor, a true friend and great aid to us, especially in the days of snow and wet feet, leave him all our old books, pencils, etc., with the hope that they will be of great use to him.

Seventh: I, Edwin Ipock, Testator of the Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-three, appoint the principal of next year, whoever he or she may be, to deliver on the first day of school the following legacies:

Chancie Barclift leaves his presidency of the Senior Class to Fred Crum.

Annette Boney leaves her black and white plaid skirt to Catherine Edgerton.

Duncan Elgin leaves his ability to read Latin to Henry Weil.

Charles Norwood leaves his mastery of the light fantastic toe to Wentworth Pierce.

Mary Zealy leaves her good nature to Hilda Bridgers.

Annie Simpkins wills her timidity to Leonard Smith.

Ambrose Humphrey wills his knowledge of History to Elizabeth Bizzell.

Annie B. Miller leaves her book on "How to Grow Tall" to Leslie Britt.

Red Smith and Duncan Elgin leave the care of the Book Room to Bruce Yelverton and Jack Pyatt.

Ben Grady leaves his ability to play third base to Bush Nash.

Gabriel Boney leaves his bottle of Stacomb to Newton Mathews.

Pauline Crowson and Elizabeth Rosenthal leave their ways of vamping Franklin Cannon to Lillian Stroud.

Charles Norwood leaves the ringing of the bell to Walter Creech.

Margaret Hinson and Hallie Pate leave the ability to vamp "Hinry" Merritt to Anne Turner.

Elma Jones leaves Bob Pate to Margaret Hines.

Shockley Gardner leaves his solemn countenance to Ella Smith.

Eva Mae Giddens wills her winning ways to Edwina Yelverton.

Andrina McIntyre leaves her egotism to Lossie Simmons.

Gladys Herring leaves her ability to talk to Frances Morris.

Duncan Elgin and Edwin Ipock leave their far famed paper, the "Bug House Journal" to Frank Matthews and Walter Creech.

Elizabeth Johnson leaves her "rapid ways" to Frankie Hartsfield.

Eighth: I, Edwin Ipock, Testator, ask that, when we are gone, our memory be buried in the hearts of those behind us and that they strive to be as good pupils and as great credit to the school as we have been (?).

SINCERE

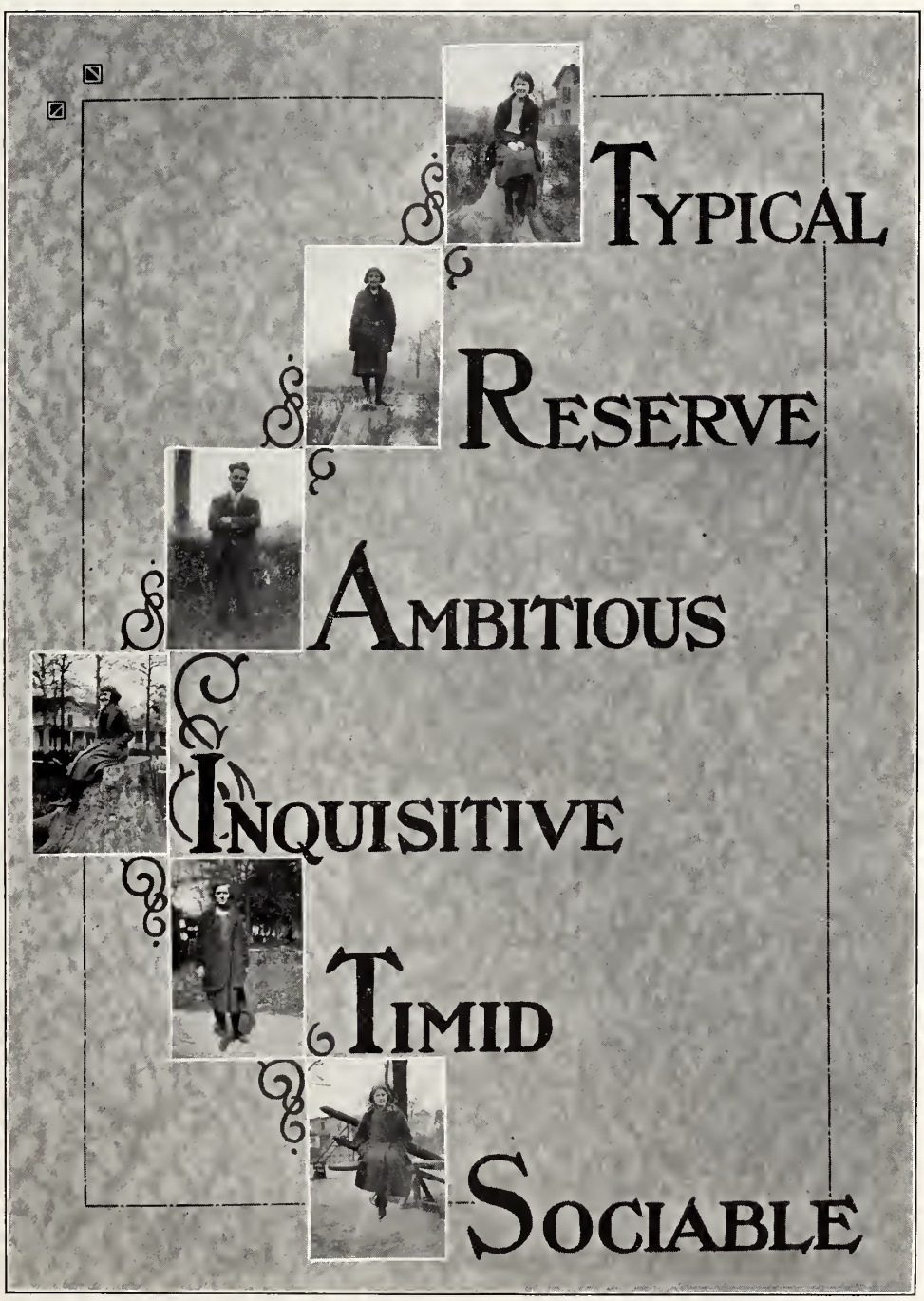
EGOTISTICAL

NEAT

IDLE

ORIGINAL

RAPID


TYPICAL
RESERVE
AMBITIOUS
INQUISITIVE
TIMID
SOCIABLE

The TARPITUR

THE BUGHOUSE JOURNAL

100,000,000 COPIES PRINTED DAILY. NONE SOLD.

TODAY: *Featuring the antics of Red Smith and Lossie Simmons*

STAFF:

Editor-in Chief ..... Duncan Elgin
Assistant Editor ..... Duncan Elgin
Contributing Editor ..... Edwin Ipock
Business Manager ..... Duncan Elgin
Janitor ..... "Red" Smith
Office Boy ..... Ralph Epstein

PARTED FROM THE RANKS.

Mr. Egbert Smith, President of the lying society, and former member of the G. F. E., has reformed. He has fallen deep into the depths of love. He declared he would not, but he has. He swore he could not, but he did. He swears he has not, but he lies.

The G. F. E. mourns his loss, but wishes to take this opportunity to congratulate Miss Lossie Simmons, his fiancee. She has accomplished what others have attempted in vain. She has won, won for her very own, the biggest liar in town.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Red" Smith alias Ben Turpin, in "When I Am One Mile From Africa, I Am Just One Little Mile From Home."

Lossie Simmons, that famous peroxide blonde, in "Follow the Straight and Narrow Path, and You Will Never Have to Turn a Corner."

A NEW MEMBER IN THE SOCIAL CIRCLES OF GOLDSBORO.

Mr. Wentworth Pierce, far-famed as the most bashful boy, has astonished all Goldsboro with his debut into society. Mr. Pierce who hitherto was as unfamiliar with dancing as Miss Mary Love Davis is with history, now steps the "light fantastic" with the best of them. So fast, in fact, is Mr. Pierce progressing that we of his sex fear for our rank in society. Mr. Pierce has taken for his companion-in-arms Mr. Frank Mathews, who is another late arrival into the ranks of society. These two are vamping all of the dames of our fair city. Watch out, "Red!" They will get Lossie, too.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

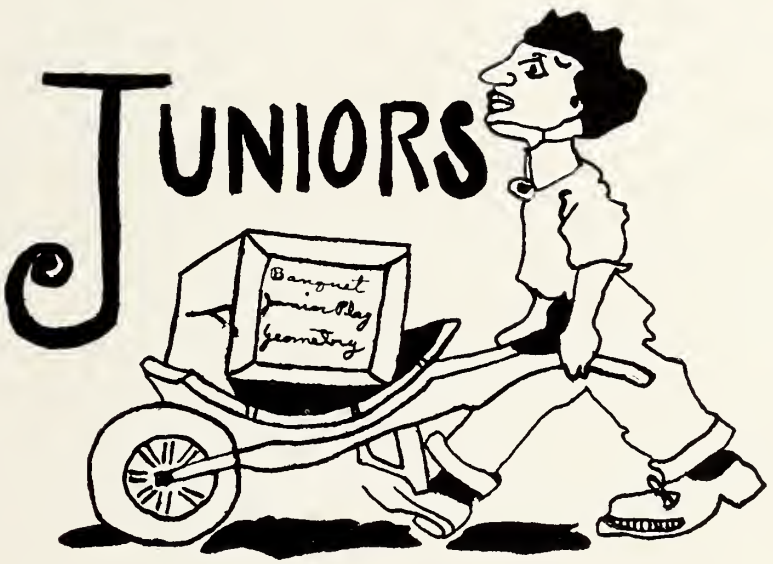
LOST.—My heart, somewhere on East Walnut. If found, please return to Ralph Epstein and receive reward.

WANTED.—To be the leading lady in the "Junior Play." Apply to Lossie Simmons.

WANTED.—Someone who knows how to dance and dress. Apply to Ruth Henderson.

WANTED.—Someone to vamp. Apply to Edwina Yelverton.

JUNIORS



R. P. 4.

Bush Nash
PRESIDENT
JUNIOR CLASS
Walter Creech
VICE PRESIDENT

Ogden Parker
SECRETARY
John Crone
TREASURER

Junior Roll

Motto: "It grows as it goes." *Colors:* Green and Gold.

President . . . . . Bush Nash
Vice President . . . . . Walter Creech
Secretary . . . . . Ogden Parker
Treasurer . . . . . John Crone

Walter Creech
John Crone
Fred Crum
Elizabeth Bizzell
Edith Braton
Edward Daniels
Mary Love Davis
Chester Dorrity
Martha Dortch
Catherine Edgerton
Ophelia Edgerton
Mary Edmundson
Ellen Gardener
Beulah Grady
Isabel Haire
Margaret Hall
Virginia Harris
Frances Hartsfield
Morris Heilig
Martha Hobbs
Fannie Howell
Jonathan Jenkins
Swindell Jenkins
Bessie Kadis
Annie Kelly
Eleanor Kornegay
George Kornegay
Gertrude Lancaster
Frank Mathews
Newton Mathews
Maybelle Mitchell
Frances Morris
Bush Nash
Elizabeth Newsome
Edward Parker
Ogden Parker
Mildred Parks
Rebecca Petway
Mayme Hall Pickette
Wentworth Pierce
Jack Pyatt
Margaret Robinson
Mela Royall
Eloise Sasser
Bertha Lee Sherard
Edna Sherard
Mabel Shipp
Lossie Simmons
Ella Smith
Preston Smith
Emma Harvey Stanton
Virginia Thompson
Anne Turner
George Tyndall
Henry Weil
Walter Wrenn
Bruce Yelverton
Edwina Yelverton

THE CHARM SCHOOL

The TARPITUR

Junior Play

AUSTIN BEVANS, a young bachelor, inherits a girls' school previouly conducted by his strict and reserved old maid aunt. He, with four friends, goes to take charge of the school, which Bevans intends to convert into an institution to develop the charms of the young ladies. Bevans resolves to hold himself aloof from the girls and conduct the school on a very business-like basis, but Elsie Benedotti by her charming manner succeeds in breaking his resolution. The amusing complications arising throughout the play furnish a continuous round of laughter for the audience.

Cast of Characters

Austin Bevans . . . . . *Bush Nash*

An auto salesman with ideas which

David Mackensie . . . . . *Jonathan Jenkins*

A law student, considers impractical, though

George Boyd . . . . . *Fred Crum*

An expert accountant is willing to co-operate, and so are

Jim Simpkins . . . . . *Walter Wrenn*

and

Tim Simpkins . . . . . *George Kornegay*

Who toil not and have never seriously considered spinning.

Homer Johns . . . . . *Edward Daniels*

Is the guardian of

Elsie Benedotti . . . . . *Mary Love Davis*

The president of the the Senior Class at a school presided over by

Miss Hays . . . . . *Rebecca Petway*

Who is loved and feared by all who know her, including her secretary

Miss Curtis . . . . . *Anne Turner*

Who is always trying to think well of the senior class, consisting of

Sally Boyd . . . . . *Martha Dortch*

Who is George's sister, and

Muriel Daughty . . . . . *Lossie Simmons*

Ethel Spelvin . . . . . *Elizabeth Bizzell*

Allix Mercier . . . . . *Ellen Gardner*

Lillian Stafford . . . . . *Martha Hobbs*

Madge Kent . . . . . *Catherine Edgerton*

It is hardly worth while to mention a junior

Dotsie . . . . . *Isabel Haire*

Who is always in the way

Coach . . . . . *Miss Margaret Kornegay*

Junior-Senior Banquet

School Song

The School . . . . . *Charles Norwood*

Response . . . . . *Mr. Hamilton*

"Oh! Seniors Don't You Cry, Don't You Sigh."

The Faculty . . . . . *Ogden Parker*

Response . . . . . *Mr. Emory*

"Little Slams" on the Faculty.

"Big Slams" on the Seniors.

Sleight-of-Hand Performance . . . . . *Chinese Mystic*

The Seniors . . . . . *Bush Nash*

The Juniors . . . . . *Chancie Barclift*

Characteristic Dance . . . . . *Laurice Rieyes*

The Junior Play . . . . . *Gabriel Boney*

Response . . . . . *Anne Turner*

Athletics . . . . . *Ralph Epstein*

Debates . . . . . *Martha Dortch*

Response . . . . . *Edwin Ipock*

"Auld Lang Syne" . . . . . *Toastmaster*

The TARPITUR

The Junior Digest

DRAMATIC CLUB SCORES HIT.

STUDENTS LIKE "TRYSTING PLACE

Friday, Jan. 26.—Today, amid a riot of titters and suppressed laughter, the Dramatic Club made its debut into school life by presenting Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, "The Trysting Place."

The play concerns a certain Briggs family, all the members of which are in love "on the sly." They all came to a certain secluded spot in the hotel to make love. The complications arising are too funny for words, as the audience expressed by its appreciative response.

Rupert's 'darlings" and Lancelot's moving the settee under which he was hidden, brought much laughter. All characters acted well and showed splendid coaching.

—*Spark Plug.*

GOLDSBORO BOYS ON HONOR ROLL.

January 25.—When the University of North Carolina's honor roll was published last week the names of three old students of Goldsboro High appeared. They were Hazel Zealy, '22; Thomas Campen, '22, and Bishop Malpass, '20. This is quite an honor for our school.

Every year in every sphere Goldsboro High School is getting better and better. —*Spark Plug.*

JUNIORS WIN CUP.

MAKE HIGH SCHOLARSHIP AVERAGE.

Jan. 25, 1923—The Scholarship Cup, which is given to the class having the highest scholarship average and no tardies, has been awarded to the A section of the Junior Class for having a 100% passing average. This is the second month that the Juniors have made this record, having won the cup for last month also. Mr. Emory says that this is the first time since he has been here that he has awarded the cup to a class of this high standard. The Juniors are thinking of having a stand made for the cup, as they mean to keep it.

—*The Never Again.*

REWARDS.

A notorious criminal escapes the authorities. If a reward is offered some will exert themselves to capture the thief. If no reward is offered the job is left to the police. It is always true that anyone will put more into a thing if some recompense is assured.

A few years ago in our own high school, tardies were so frequent and numerous that when a class went a week without a tardy it was regarded as having accomplished a rare feat. In an old 'School News" there is a notice that Miss Peele had given her class an ice cream treat for going two weeks without any tardies.

As time went on a reward of a half holiday was given to the room that went a month without a tardy. The decrease in tardies each month was incredible. And now, since the scholarship phase has been added to the no tardy holiday, there has been a decided increase in scholarship averages also.

Why is it that the Seniors always have a good scholarship average? Certainly it is not that the Senior studies are easier. Almost any Senior will vouch that they are not. Here is the answer: The Seniors are exempted from exams for an average of ninety! When they think of being exempt they no doubt pull harder. Why should we all not have exemptions for good work? There is no reason. Exemption is the legitimate reward for creditable work.

There is no doubt that when such a measure is granted, there will be, as in the case of tardies, a decided rise in scholarship. Other schools have this reward, and why shouldn't we? That's the question; why shouldn't we? —*Editorial, Spark Plug.*

JUNIORS WIN IN MUSIC CONTEST.

Jan. 29, 1923.—The music contest put on at Goldsboro High School by Miss Eleanor Edmondson, assisted by Miss Lily Walker, for the purpose of giving the pupils a greater familiarity with classical music, was won by Junior A, whose average was 63%.

Misses Annette Boney, Helen Dortch and Andrina McIntyre made the highest individual average.

The class winning was given a half holiday, and the students making first and second score were given respectivcly prizes of one dollar and a Victrola record.

The G. H. S. News.

SMILING THROUGH.

During mechanical drawing Wentworth was heard to squeal. Upon inquiry we learned that Alton was rubbing his ear with sand paper. Don't scratch the woodwork, Alton.

—*Spark Plug.*

Lily Kadis, at work on a geometry example, hapoened to rub her black hair against the board. Miss Walker remarked, 'Lily, you must be having a hard time. Your hair has turned gray behind." —*The Snap Shot.*

Alton (in history class). Napoleon lived in Francc.

Fannie: Did he? I thought he lived in Paris.—*The Never Again.*

Student (to teacher): Please read this for me. I can't make it out.

Teacher: I only said to try to write more legibly.—*High Dice.*

Jack Pyatt doesn't know what the question is, but he can answer it. Ask Miss Marshall.

You should get Walter Creech to draw a map of Europe. You would not recognize it.

Lessons in sitting still during study period. Apply to Anne Turner.—*The Flashlight.*

WANTED.—A stenographer to take down English assignments and notes. Apply to 414 N. John Street.

WANTED.—A chaffeur to take me to school every morning. Apply to Janie Scott, W. Ash Street.

LOST.—An Algebra text-book. Finder need not return. Lillian Brown.—*The Snap Shot.*

Andrina McIntyre's wild plunge during basketball practice Tuesday was a perfect (?) dive save for the absence of water.—*The Lorgnette.*

Miss Marshall: In the Middle Ages peasants were required to press grapes in the Lord's wine press.

Wentworth: Did they press their pants there, too?

Alton Leach (in mechanical drawing): What are these up and down marks on my paper?

Henry Weil: That's Mr. Wagner's signature.

SOPH

HOT AIR
BULL
BULL
HOT AIR
BULL
BULL X
HOT AIR
X XXX
BULL
BULL
HOT AIR
BULL
HOT AIR
COUNTER-FIET
BLUFF
BULL
X XX
HOT AIR
HOT AIR
HOT AIR
BULL
HOT AIR
HOT AIR
Creech '24

Sophomore Class

Class Colors: Purple and Gold. *Class Flower:* Pansy
Class Motto: "To Thine Own Self be True."

Class Officers

President . . . . . Leslie Britt
Vice President . . . . . John Bridgers
Secretary and Treasurer . . . . . Tom Robinson

Class Roll

Paul Bizzell
Murray Borden
Hilda Bridges
John Bridges
Leslie Britt
Blanche Brooks
William Brooks
Annie Brocke
Lillian Brown
Franklin Cannon
Robert Cobb
Flossie Cogdell
Hyman Cohen
Norwood Crow
William Daniels
Cynthia Daughtry
Loren Derr
Helen Dortch
Nellie Edgerton
Louise Farrior
Mary M. Falkener
John Fuller
Matt Gardner
Lillian Gwaltney
Margaret Giddens
Gladys Giddings
Thomas Griffin
Sadie Harris
Hilton Harrison
Grainger Haynes
Ruth Henderson
Cora Hill
Hazel Hill
Tessie Hill
Margaret Hines
Carrie Hinson
Margaret Hinson
Lola Hollingsworth
Virginia Ipock
Marvin Jones
William Kaleel
John Langston
Elizabeth Lassiter
Alton Leach
Lillie Lee
David Liles
Margaret Lynch
Sallie Newsome
Esther Norris
Emma Pate
Russell Pate
Willie Parker
Tom Robinson
George Romanus
Frank Sammeth
Leonard Smith
Mildred Sasser
Mannah Shrago
Leroy Spears
John Spicer
Lillian Stroud
Robert Summerlin
Mary Talton
Wesley Talton
Carrie Thompson
Walter Tudor
Edna Weidman
Naomi Wilson
Julia Minor Wood
Robert Yelverton

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Honors

THIS year Sophomore Honors came all at once: First, in Better Speech Week contests, and then in the Declamation contest.

In the beginning of Better Speech Week Miss Doub gave us an awful jolt, but she gave it to us gently, as is her way, in order that we might understand. The awful jolt was this: We were to make a poster advertising Better Speech, and to write an essay on the subject. This was to give everybody something to do after they finished debating. I expect some of us thought we would rest while we were not debating, and watch the others. But we thought wrong, and we were surprised when we were told different.

Although we looked upon the two tasks with dread, we soon found them a great pleasure. All of us are not artists with the pen and brush, but we did feel a little proud one morning when we walked into our room and saw that the room was decorated with our posters. A little later, when the prize winners for the poster and essay prizes were announced in chapel, we were still more proud of the fact that Sophomores were winners in both contests. Will Kaleel of 2B, won first prize in the poster contest. His title was, "Let Your Aim Be Good English." Margaret Hines won second prize in the Essay Contest. Her title was "A Better Speech Week Riddle."

We have something else to be proud of, and that is: a Sophomore was winner in the Declamation Contest held in our school. Frank Sammeth, of 2A was the winner. His speech was "The Turk Must Go," by Harry W. Ward. This entitles Frank to enter the 9019 Declamation Contest at Trinity College in April.

It is impossible to reproduce the poster or the declamation, but we give the winning essay below.

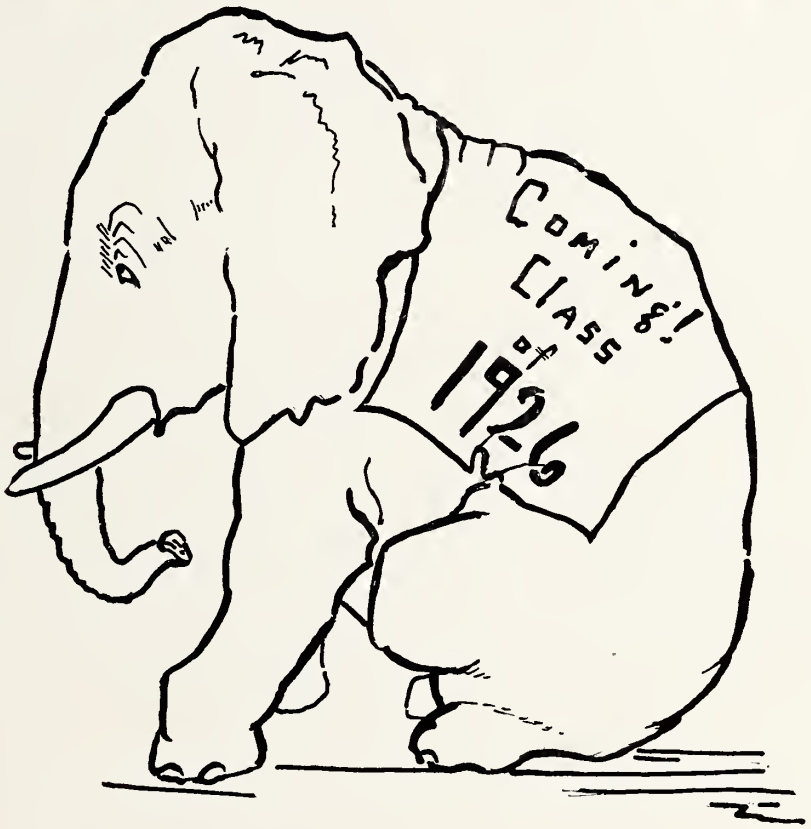
MATT GARDNER, '25.

A Better Speech Week Riddle

WHO am I? To some people I am almost unknown; to others, the merest acquaintance, and to a chosen few I am a personal friend. I am a business asset. The man who knows me well finds me an ever-present aid. The matron, the debutante, the college boy, school children—all find me helpful in society. I help my friends to secure other friends. I am indispensable to cultured people, who are my warmest friends. I aid you greatly in your climb to the pinnacle to success. I help you to attain the plaudits of the world. Once you have me firmly in your grasp, I will do your bidding. I will be your Aladdin's Lamp. With my help you may become great.

Who am I? I am the Spirit of Good English.

MARGARET HINES, '25.


Coming!
Class of
1926

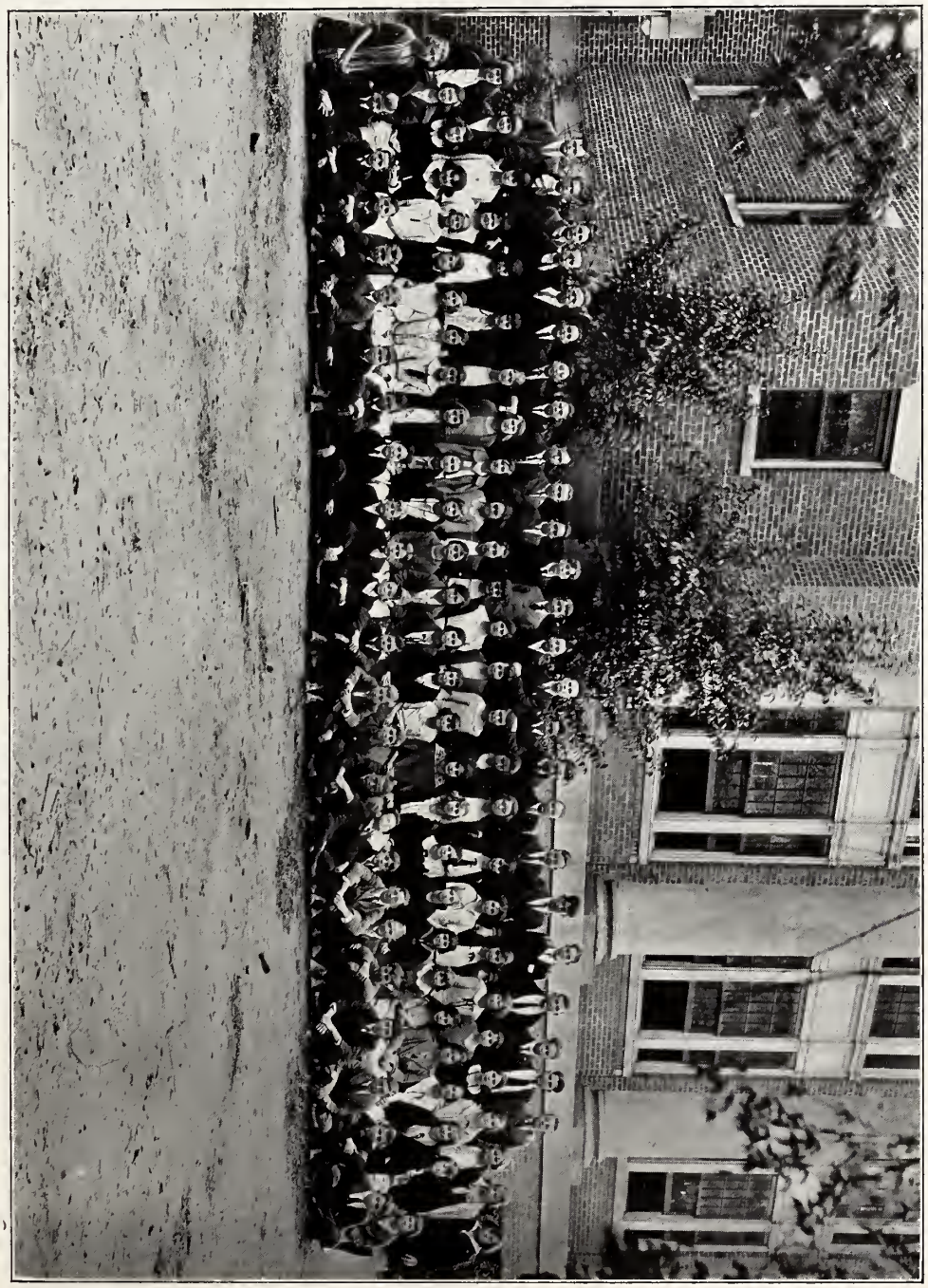
Freshman Class Officers

President . . . . . Robert Zealy
Vice President . . . . . Clarence Daniels
Treasurer . . . . . Zelda Swinson

Class Roll

Gladys Adkins
David Anderson
Bessie Barham
Beulah Beale
Albert Boney
Evans Boney
Arnold Borden
Georgia Bowden
Adean Boyette
Claudia Bradford
Jimmie D. Brown
Sallie Bryan
Stell Bryan
George Casteen
Delmas Cole
Herman Creech
Edwin Crow
Fred Crowson
Clarence Daniels
Eleanor Daniels
Georgia Davis
William Davis
Elizabeth Dewey
Marvin Dodson
Marvin Edgerton
Flossie Edwards
Pauline Edwards
Sara Falkener
David Forehand
Charles Gillikin
Paul Gillikin
Margaret Grady
Vivian Grant
Alice Grantham
David Grantham
George Heeden
Inez Hill
James Hinson
Sadie Lou Southerland
Elizabeth Spears
Mary Spence
Gordon Stallings
Lola Stallings
Turner Stanley
Gertrude Stith
Leon Summerlin
Zelda Swinson
George Thompson
William Toler
Edward Waters

Robert Zealy



FRESHMAN CLASS

The High School Through the Eyes of the Freshmen

ON September 11, 1922, a bunch of the greenest freshmen that ever had the good fortune to go to a high school descended upon G. H. S.

For three months "we-soon-to-be-freshmen" had looked forward with great anticipation toward entering high school, but when the wonderful day arrived we did not know exactly what to do or how to act.

Everyone seemed very willing and most eager to give us directions in what not to do. In fact, we had heard so many don'ts that we hadn't the slightest idea what to do. If any of us meekly inquired if we could do this or that it immediately raised an uproarious laugh.

Those that offered the most advice and laughed the loudest at our plight were the Sophomores, more fittingly called the "Silly Sophs." They seemed to have forgotten that one year ago they were in our same predicament. They were trying to impress upon everyone, with childish glee, their great importance.

The Juniors were too taken up thinking that next year they themselves would be dignified Seniors to take much notice of us. They were also busy making plans for the play and banquet which they were to give this year to the dear old Seniors.

Last, but not least, came the Seniors, somewhat sad with the thought that this was their last year, but joining in the good time with the rest just the same. You could see that they were trying mighty hard to be dignified Seniors, and not just care-free Juniors. I must say, however, that they did not succeed very well.

Then came the faculty. One glance at them and we knew that here was a group that would stand by us through all our trials and tribulations.

And so, as the days flew by, our troubles seemed to disappear as if by magic, and every day we learned to love dear old G. H. S. more and more.

SARA FALKENER, '26,
Freshman Editor.

WILMINGTON *vs.* GOLDSBORO—CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES

Football

"GOLDSBORO'S ball, first and ten."
Let's go, Bol' Weevils!"

And the Bol' Weevils did go. Only one team was able to keep them from crossing its goal and only two teams could beat them.

When the season opened it looked as though the prospects for the team of '22 were not very good. Rackley, our quarterback for four years, Zealy, our center for two, and three other letter men were missing, but there was good material in school and Coach Shepard soon found good men to refill the vacant positions. Then started the hard work, tackling dummies, falling on the ball, and numerous other ways of acquiring bruises.

About two weeks before we played our first real game we played the Orphanage team and licked them, six to nothing.

About a week later we played a picked team from the town and beat them, seven to nothing.

Then September 29, we played our first real game with Wilson, at Wilson. Here the Bol' Weevils won their first victory. Although Wilson had a good team they were unable to withstand the attack of the team which bore the name of that aggressive insect, and they lost, twenty-two to nothing.

BETWEEN THE HALVES

WILMINGTON *vs.* GOLDSBORO

Our next game was with our ancient enemy, Kinston, at Kinston, This was one of our hardest games. With three minutes to play the score was nothing to nothing. Then Goldsboro gained possession of the ball on Kinston's forty yard line and started an attack that could not be halted and a touchdown was made. With a few seconds to play Nash kicked goal and Kinston was beaten, seven to nothing.

Our third game was with Smithfield, at Smithfield. In this game, though outweighed, we were not outfought, and succeeded in holding them to a six to six tie.

We journeyed to Wilmington for our fourth game. Here we suffered our first defeat. Wilmington scored a touchdown in the first five minutes of play on a penalty and a bad kick. They kicked goal. In the third quarter the Bol' Weevils pushed over a touchdown, but were unable to kick goal, so Wilmington won, seven to six.

The fifth game on the schedule was with New Bern, later runner-up for the championship of the State. They had a very strong team, and though we fought harder than ever, they snowed us under by the score of thirty-nine to nothing.

The fifth game for the Championship started after this game and our first game was at home against Greenville. Greenville was completely baffled by our overhead attack mixed with sweeping end runs and succumbed to a twenty-seven to nothing defeat.

WILMINGTON *vs.* GOLDSBORO

GREENVILLE *vs.* GOLDSBORO

By winning from Greenville we now had to play Wilmington again. This time the game was at Goldsboro. We scored a touchdown in the first quarter and then eased up and before we could get together again Wilmington had piled up sixteen points and we were unable to overcome this lead, losing sixteen to twelve. This eliminated us from the championship.

All considered the season was a success and next year we hope it to be even better.

The line-up was as follows:

Griffin	*Right End*
Gardner	*Right Tackle*
Boney	*Right Guard*
Parker	*Center*
Jenkins	*Left Guard*
Britt	*Left Tackle*
Epstein	*Left End*
Norwood	*Quarter Back*
Crumm	*Left Half Back*
Smith	*Right Half Back*
Nash	*Full Back (Captain)*

Subs.

Wrenn, Grady, Daniels, W. and E., Brown. "Red" Smith

GREENVILLE *vs.* GOLDSBORO—CHAMPIONSHIP

Daniels
Epstein
Gum
Gardner
Norwood
Jenkins
Nash (CAPT)
Parker
Shepard (COACH)
Boney
Smith
Britt
Griffin
Wrenn

Girls' Basketball

THE girls' basketball team did not make a very good showing this season in scoring. We lost many of last year's team, and played with a practically new team the whole season. But, with about twenty girls back next year, and with a year's experience we are planning to put out a good team.

The first game of the season was an impromptu one with Rosewood. Only two first team players were able to play, so Rosewood won, 38 to 22.

The next game was with Nahunta. We trimmed them by a score of 34 to 16. This was our first victory.

We had our revenge on Rosewood, when, in a return game, we beat them 19 to 18.

Mt. Olive was the next victim, losing 18 to 30.

But then fortune seemed to turn, and we lost to the strong Smithfield quint by the score of 28 to 11.

Warsaw and Wilmington were then played, but fortune was still against us, and we lost both games.

The last game of the season was with Smithfield. The girls played better in this game than in any other, but we were beaten, 23 to 18.

More interest was shown in the town games, of which there were three, than in the games with other schools. In the first one, the High School played a picked team from Converse, N. C. C. W., and Sargent. The High School lost, 28 to 18. The second one was between two picked teams from the High School. The third one was the High School vs. a picked team from the town. The town team won, 24 to 11.

The line-up.

Forwards—Yelverton, Prince, Miller.

Guards—Crowson, Pickett, Zealy.

Center—Kornegay.

"RED" SMITH.

Boys' Basketball

The 1923 basketball season at G. H. S. was a decided improvement over former years. Due to the excellent coaching of F. C. Shepard the team, though small, was able to come through a hard schedule with a majority of wins.

Coach Shepard was handicapped in coaching the team by the failure of the boys to come out to practice. Some days there would be only eight boys out for practice, and this hurt the team considerably.

The first game of the season was played with Woodland, who nosed out a 19 to 18 victory.

The second game was a repetition of the first; Nahunta beat us, 21 to 20.

Then came the Pikeville game. After holding the strong Pikeville team 15 to 10 in the first half, we let down, and they beat us 40 to 23.

Defeat was still in store for us when we met the Rosewood team and were defeated, 27 to 18.

At last fortune changed, and we easily defeated Mt. Olive, 30 to 15.

In a return game with Rosewood we had our revenge, beating them 33 to 27.

It was the same way with Nahunta. Although they were ahead at the end of the first half, we were not to be downed, and defeated them, 18 to 16.

Now came the trip of the season. On Friday night we played Warsaw, winning this game. The next night we played the strong Wilmington quint and were defeated.

The loss of this game put us below the .500 mark, but up we came when we met and defeated Belfast, 30 to 28.

Again we were doomed to descend below the .500 mark. Woodland came the second time and conquered, 28 to 23.

With only two more games to play, we decided to get down to business, and ended the season above .500.

We took Warsaw into camp for the second time, walloping them, 38 to 16.

Now the final game was at hand. Southport, an unknown quantity, was the enemy. In this game the team struck its stride, and defeated the seacoast boys, 51 to 6.

Below is the line-up:

Forwards—Crum, Smith.

Center—Britt.

Guards—Norwood, Epstein.

Subs—Barham, Nash and Spicer.

Girls Basketball Team

Paline Crowson
LEFT GUARD

Edwina Yelverton
LEFT FORWARD

Eleanor Kornegay
CENTER

1923

Annie Battle Miller
RIGHT FORWARD

Mary Zealy
RIGHT GUARD

Boys Basketball Team

Ralph Epstein
LEFT GUARD

Red Smith
LEFT FORWARD

Leslie Britt
CENTER

1923

Fred Crum
RIGHT FORWARD

Charles Norwood
RIGHT GUARD

Other Forms of Athletics

Track

THE spring of 1923 brought another sport into the limelight when the Eastern Carolina teams showed themselves, at the indoor meet at the Co-op's Warehouse. This was the first meet of this kind that was ever held in Goldsboro, and from the showing our team made against college stars like Talbot Parker, Bill Royal, and Page Rees, track ought to be one of the future major sports of the High School.

The team consists of the following: Norwood, Capt., 50 yard dash, 220 yard dash, hurdles, and relay. Nash, high jump, winning first place. O. Parker, 220 yard dash, hurdles, high jump and relay. H. Simmons, 50 yard dash, hurdles, and relay. L. Britt, 50 yard dash, and relay. Thos. Griffin, 440 yard dash, and 880 yard dash. C. Barham, 880 yard dash. H. Weil, 50 yard dash, and 88 yard dash. F. Mathews, 50 yard dash, and 220 yard dash. R. Zealy, 50 yard dash and high jump.

The boys that won the cup in the half mile relay against Rosewood, Kinston, Mt. Olive, and Warsaw, were Norwood, Crum, Parker, and Britt. The whole team was coached by Mr. Wagner, who came out every afternoon for three weeks to get them into shape.

Outdoor track started March 19th, after a meeting was held so that this sport would not interfere with the regular baseball season. Some 15 boys reported the first day and from the looks of the material a team will be sent to Wake Forest April the 7th and later to Chapel Hill that will make teams from other schools sit up and take notice.

Baseball

As this goes to press the baseball season has not opened, although practice started a week ago and from the looks of things we ought to have a good team.

There are eight letter men back trying for their old positions and about twenty new men fighting, too.

Coach Shepard and Captain Barham are mending the team into shape and by the time we play in our first game on March 30th, they will find that they are up against the real stuff.

"RED" SMITH.

Tennis

THIS is the first year that tennis has been put in the Annual, for during the last three years there has not been much enthusiasm shown in this sport, but this year when Mr. Shepard announced that a Tennis team would be sent to Chapel Hill to compete for the State Championship, and Mr. Emory corroborated his statement, the boys turned out with a will and some hot matches were played in the tournament which decided who would go.

As a result of the tournament Goldsboro will be represented in the singles by Duncan Elgin, champion in singles last year and captain of the team this year. Goldsboro will be represented in the doubles by Ralph Epstein and "Red" Smith.

These are good players and we hope and think that they will bring back the cup from Chapel Hill.

Debating

The Triangular Debate

LAST year, for the first time in five years, Goldsboro failed to win both sides of the triangular debate and send a team to Chapel Hill. As had been the case the previous year, the debate was really a dual one, only Goldsboro and Wilson taking part. The affirmative won at both places, and both schools were deprived of competing for the cup. While the result was a keen disappointment to the debaters, they "bravely bore defeat" like true sportsmen, knowing that they had given their best effort to the school, and that they lost to no mean opponent. Wilson has made an enviable record at Chapel Hill herself, having won the cup in 1915 and in 1918.

This year, through the class debates, the students found the query, "Resolved, That Congress should provide for the enforcement of the decisions of the Railroad Labor Board," a very hard one, and only nine contestants entered. These, contrary to custom, were all boys except one, Lillie Kadis, who was brave enough to hold her own, though one girl after another decided "not to try."

The preliminaries were held in the Junior B room February 26, with Miss Peele presiding and Judge Bland, Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Hamilton acting as judges. The following were chosen to represent the school: Principals: Chancie Barclift, Willie Parker, Walter Creech and John Spicer; alternates: Edwin Ipock and Thomas Griffin. Later Walter Creech found it necessary to drop out, and Edwin Ipock was put on in his place. Since all of the boys preferred the negative, sides were chosen by lot, and Barclift and Parker got the lucky draw.

Since Rocky Mount did not enter the debates this year Goldsboro was placed in a new triangle with Raleigh and Wilson. At the suggestion of Raleigh and Wilson it was decided to hold both debates on neutral territory. Hence Goldsboro's affirmative will debate Wilson's negative at Raleigh, and Goldsboro's negative will debate Raleigh's affirmative at Wilson.

Since it is not given to the present editors of TARPITUR to record the result, they can only bid the debaters Godspeed, and hope for the best.

Triangular Debaters

John Spicer
FIRST SPEAKER

1923

Affirmative

Edwin Ipock
SECOND SPEAKER

Thomas Griffin
FIRST SPEAKER

Negative

Chancie Barclift
SECOND SPEAKER

The Inter-Class Debates

"Seeretary will read query for debate."

"*Resolved,* That Congress should provide for the enforeement of the deeisions of the Railroad Labor Board."

"Honorable Judges, most worthy opponents, ladies and gentlemen."

These and many more such phrases, are still ringing in our ears, nor we have just passed through the period set aside eaeh year for debates.

Each pupil has an opportunity to debate in English class, and the four best debaters from eaeh elass were divided into two teams, negative and affirmative, and were representatives in the Inter-Class debates held in Chapel. There was mueh exeitement over the contests, for each class wanted to win the debating banner.

The first debate was held between the Freshmen and the Sophomore classes. The affirmative side was upheld by the Freshmen, Sara Falkener and Gertrude Smith, and the negative side was upheld by the Sophomores, Margaret Hines and Virginia Ipock. The Sophomores won.

The seeond debate was the Junior-Senior debate. The Juniors took the affirmative side, and were represented by Martha Dorteh and John Jennette, and Mary Zealy and Edwin Ipoek took the negative side for the Seniors. The Juniors were the winners.

Next eame the second Freshman-Sophomore eontest. This time the Freshmen upheld the negative, with Annie Simmons and Alice Musgrave as speakers, and the Sophomores upheld the affirmative, with Mary Miller Falkener and Thomas Griffin as speakers. This time the Freshmen were victorious.

Both the Freshmen and the Sophomores had won onee and lost onee, so the school ehampionship was out of the question for them. The Juniors had won onee, but wait! The seeond Junior-Senior debate was yet to take plaee. If the Juniors won, they would be the school ehampions, but if they lost to the Seniors, there would be no school ehampions.

At last eame the day for the Junior-Senior debate. Who was going to win? The negative side was represented by the Juniors, Virginia Harris and Walter Creech. Mary Crawford and Charles Norwood were the Senior debaters. The deeision rendered was unanimously in favor of the Seniors.

There was no banner given this year, but all of the debaters deserve especial credit for their work and elass spirit, and they in turn, give a vote of thanks to the judges of these debates, Miss Cobb, Miss Jemison, Miss Marshall, Mr. Shepard and Mr. Emory, for their kind serviee.

ANNIE BATTLE MILLER, '23.

Dramatic Club

OFFICERS:

ANDRINA MCINTYRE . . . . . *President*
MARY CRAWFORD . . . . . *Secretary*
MARY ZEALY . . . . . *Treasurer*

WE did not seem to realize what our Literary Societies meant to us until we no longer had them, and it was while looking for something to take their place that the Dramatic Club was formed.

It is the purpose of the Dramatic Club to instill an understanding of simple stagecraft, to teach effective speaking and acting, and to stimulate a greater appreciation for drama.

With this purpose in view various types of programs have been planned. Individual members have visualized several plays. Among them are "The Admirable Crichton" and Paul Green's "The Last of the Lowries." Several readings have been given with emotion in the lines. Booth Tarkington's "The Trysting Place" has been successfully given before the school, and before the end of the term we are planning to give "Spreading the News."

Besides this we have a bulletin board, made by one of our members, on which are placed any items concerning or of interest to the Dramatic Club. Another of our members has made a miniature stage. With this stage we hope to learn the effective settings of stages.

Of course, the Dramatic Club is a new organization in our school, but with the support of the present Juniors and Seniors, and those which are to come, we feel that it is bound to be made a success.

MEMBERS:

ELIZABETH JOHNSON
EVA MAE GIDDENS
ANDRINA MCINTYRE
MARY ZEALY
ANNETTE BONEY
MARY CRAWFORD
ELMA JONES
LILY KADIS
JULIA PRINCE
RALPH EPSTEIN
ANNIE SIMPKINS
BUSH NASH
CHARLES NORWOOD
FRED CRUM
WALTER CREECH
CHARLES BARHAM
EDWARD PARKER
HENRY WEIL
ELEANOR KORNEGAY
HAZEL STALLINGS
THOMAS GRIFFIN
CHANCIE BARCLIFT

ANNETTE BONEY, '23.

School Calendar

Sept. 10. School started. All boys and girls can quit work and have a good time.
Sept. 28. Football team went to Wilson. Ed. Daniels got a letter of inspiration from his girl.
Oct. 4. Senior English Class began to study Burke. All Seniors can now endeavor to get out all their encyclopedias, dictionaries, French and Latin books.
Oct. 15. Football team went to Kinston. Ed. Daniels got a letter of inspiration from his girl.
Oct. 8. Miss Edmundson started a music contest. Everybody dust up on all the popular songs such as "Old Black Joe" and "Way Down Upon the Swanee River."
Oct. 12. Football team went to Smithfield. Ed. Daniels got a letter of inspiration from his girl.
Oct. 18. Thomas Griffin got to school before one minute to nine this morning. Say, Tom, was Martha late this morning?
Oct. 19. Football team went to Wilmington. Ed. Daniels got a letter of inspiration from his girl.
Oct. 25. Art Editor Norwood put the names of the Seniors who were to go to have their pictures taken today, and the days following. He showed intelligence beyond belief by putting Shockley Gardner last on the list.
Oct. 27. Football team went to New Bern. Ed. Daniels got a letter of inspiration from his girl.
Nov. 1. Chemistry class took up the ionization of a super saturated solution of manganese in hydro flouric acid, and the hydrogenation of any hydroxide.
Nov. 3. Football team played Greenville. Ed. Daniels got a letter of inspiration from his girl.
Nov. 10. Senior English Class took up Lamb's "Desertion of Barbecue."
Nov. 11. Football team played Wilmington. Ed. Daniels got a letter of inspiration from his girl, but the letter was so worn out that Ed. had to throw it away. Poor Ed.!
Nov. 20. Mr. Shepard said that we had a pretty lucky year. Only Fred Crum, Shockley Gardner, John Jenkins and Tom Griffin had anything broke about them, and Bush Nash, Walter Wrenn and Leslie Britt only got minor injuries, as a broken leg or a dislocated shoulder. Ogden Parker came out all right.
Nov. 23. At second recess today someone put a ripe egg in Herbert Roscower's pocket, and it happened to break. Just wait till Herbert finds the one that did it.
Nov. 27. Girls played the boys a game of football. The boys outplayed the girls, but the girls beat them. The boys were afraid to tackle low.
Nov. 28. School turned out for Thanksgiving. Something to be thankful for anyway.
Dec. 3. Senior boys made the 100-yards dash to the lunch room today in 8¼ seconds. Charles Barham, who was in the lead, hit Ogden Parker so hard that time had to be called for Ogden.
Dec. 23. School turned out for Christmas. Now we will take a rest.
Jan. 3. School started again. Now let's renew all old acquaintances.
Jan. 7. Basketball has gotten in full swing. We expect a good team this year.
Jan. 19. Dramatic Club organized. We will now endeavor to develop our stage material.
Jan. 20. Dramatic Club started practice on a play with such well known-actors as Elizabeth Johnson, Andrina McIntyre, Eva M. Giddens, Charles Norwood, Fred Crum, Bush Nash and Ralph Epstein.
Jan. 25. Mr. Emory made his semi-annual speech on "Now is the Time to Study."
Jan. 26. Review started for exams.
Jan. 29. Exemptions announced, and Dramatic Club gives play. Crowning success.
Feb. 2. Exams started at 9:00 o'clock. Hilton Harrison finished at 9:09.
Feb. 16. Boys' and girls' basketball teams go to Wilmington.
Feb. 19. Class debates started.
Feb. 23. Inter-Class debates announced. Now Edwin Ipock will come into the limelight.
Feb. 27. Juniors take Senior's scalp in the first Inter-Class debate.
Mar. 1. Red Smith refereed a game of basketball, and in the meantime vamped another girl.
Mar. 6. Inter-Class debates over. Each class has won one debate. Who are the champions?
Mar. 12. Baseball started. Charles Barham is our able captain.
Mar. 13. We have another esteemed member of the younger set as a member of the Sophomore Class, Mr. John Langston, formerly of the Empire Manufacturing Company.
Mar. 15. A new paper, imitating the *Bug House*, has arisen. Messrs. John Langston and Ambrose Humphrey are the copyrights.
Mar. 20. Seems as if Walter Wrenn has become the favorite out at the little yellow house behind the park. We wish you luck, Walter.
Mar. 21. Mr. Emory announced to the boys that we were going to send a tennis team up to Chapel Hill. We will stand a good chance as long as Duncan Elgin, Red Smith and Charlie Barham stay off the team.
Mar. 23. Mr. Wagner announced Track Practice this afternoon. We will make a good showing at Wake Forest with such stars as Weil, Nash, Griffin and Norwood.
Mar. 27. Chancie D. Barclift was tried by the school court today on account of being tardy too much. Judge Robinson presided. As it looks, Mr. Barclift is going to be convicted.
Mar. 30. Goldsboro defeated Kinston in a hotly contested game.
April 3. Students returned from their Easter holidays.
April 6. Juniors gave their play. It was a crowning success.
April 14. Seniors have their first party. Oh, goody!
April 26. Juniors are beginning to get into action, and are preparing for the Junior-Senior Banquet.
May 4. Senior examination schedule announced.
May 11. Seniors began to practice for their graduation exercises.
May 26. Junior-Senior Banquet is today. Gee wish! Oh, gosh! Gee wish!
May 31. All excitement. Graduation exercises are tomorrow. Also the exam. marks will be given out.
June 1. Graduation exercises are over today. Goodbye, dear G. H. S.

RALPH EPSTEIN.

SOCIETY

My Diary

Nov. 3.—Pretty Day.

Had the most wonderful time after the game with the Greenville football game. Martha Dortch had a candy-pulling for both teams and the Junior and Senior girls. Speaking of good times,—we surely had one. Misses Walker, Jemison, Peele and Lawley were there to chaperone the occasion.

Just can't write any more, 'cause I must *study*.

Nov. 11th.—Cold.

This was quite an eventful day. Armistice Day to begin with, and then we were actually allowed to have a party up at the school. We entertained the Wilmington team and, although the party was gotten up on the spur of the moment, it proved to be fine. Miss Lawley did all the entertaining, and she's plumb good! I hate so bad to see the football season end. We all have so much fun. Well, so long, old diary, for this time. See you again soon! Oh, yes, I forgot to say that Mr. Emory had on his Sunday suit today, and it's Wednesday! Wonder what's happened?

Jan. 14.—Coolish.

Just couldn't get up this morning and go to church, so will write a little more in here. Haven't written in it in a long time—not since way before Christmas. That seems years 'n' years ago, but Oh, what *marvelous* time I had during the holidays. Won't be long 'fore exams, either, so Wisdom, please crowd ye around me! We surely showed those old N. C. C. W. girls a hot game last night,—yelled till I was hoarse. Esther Leah Epstein asked us to go 'round to her house and dance. Well, we had fun, of course. Mr Rees proved to be the vamp of the occasion. Got so he could vamp two at a time. Nothing like it, maybe. Mr. Shepard and Mr. Emory were there, too. Had "beaucoup" pleasure. Nuff Sed.

Friday, February 23. Pretty again.

Just must write a line 'fore going to bed. Had the best time tonight. We had a double-header,—our boys vs. Warsaw and our girls vs. Smithfield. After the game we went to Edwina's and danced. This ends the real "sho' nuff" games, I reckon, for this year. Miss Walker is out of town, and Edwina is sorter doubtful 'bout having games while she's away. Wish something real exciting would happen. Oh, yes!——Mr. Emory's engagement has been announced. Isn't that the very most thrilling thing?

March 9. Rainy.

Nothing in the social line is happening. Nothing to look forward to 'cept the Junior-Senior banquet. Can hardly wait. How time flies! It doesn't seem any time since Gabriel Boney, Mary Zealy, and I were hauling dishes all day for *the* night.

April 5. Real summertime.

Haven't had a thing to write about and still haven't anything. Just waiting for the banquet. It's not but two weeks off. Sure thing those Juniors will have to work some kind of hard to beat ours. Don't envy them having to do the work, though it really is fun,—then, too, they get a whole day holiday. Could anything be better?

May 6. Hot.

Well, that-much-looked-forward-to banquet really happened last night. It was just fine—not quite so good as ours, though. Jonathan Jenkins was toastmaster and he was grand. Well, old diary, it won't be long now 'fore this last year of m ine is over. Sorter hate it, but—then, again, I'm not so sorry.

June 1. Wonderfully pretty.

We graduate to-day! Imagine it! After the morning exercises Miss Nellie entertained the class in the Domestic Science room. Of course we had a grand time. Everybody was *so* excited 'n' everything. Every member of the class made a w ish for the coming year's happiness, etc.

After tonight our lives in high school will have ended!

Eva Mae Giddens,
Social Editor.

Silly Sallies

1. Teacher: Make a sentence using the word "revere."
John Spicer: Paul Revere was a great man.

2. Mr Emory: While Washington's men were freezing in Valley Forge what was happening in Philadelphia where Cornwallis was?
"Country" Ginn: They were having feet (fete).

3. Miss Edmondson in Chapel: Let's sing, "Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall." I'm sure you all remember that.

4. The freshmen were having two-minute talks in English.
Miss Peele: We will have your talk now, Pauline.
Pauline: Miss Peele, I lost mine.

5. Miss Walker: Who wrote "The Soldiers Chorus"?
John Crone: You know (Gounod).

6. English class studying Burke.
Miss Peele: What are the two main issues?
Pupil: Whether the South ought to secede and what the secession ought to be.

7. Shockley in Chemistry class: Mr. Shepard, when are we going to start to cook some of them experiments?

8. Alice Musgrave in debates: My opponent's rejoinder reminds me of a hoopskirt which covers everything and touches nothing.

9. Gabriel (during English class discussing the need of street cars in *very large cities*): Well, we don't have them in Goldsboro.

10. Who is the school novelist? Janie *Scott.*
Who is the school watch? Duncan *Elgin.*
Who is the school nobility? Julia *Prince.*
Who grinds our corn? Shockley *Gardner.*
Who feeds the birds? Fred *Crum.*
Who is the school bird? Walter *Wrenn.*
Who is the school chair? Frances *Morris.*

11. Mr. Shepard has a high opinion of the intellect of the Senior Class. He asked them the other day on a quiz: What does a match look like? What is it made of— wood, iron, china, or lead? What does it do when you strike it? What does it do when you blow real hard on it? Does it go out when you step on it? What color is its flame—red, blue, pink or yellow? Does it have an odor?

12. Gabriel, reading "Twelfth Night"—most radiant, exquisite and unattachable (unmatchable) beauty.

13. Mr. Emory: You know there's a theory that negroes descended from Cain.
Shockley: Is that why niggers love 'lasses so good?

14. Teacher, discussing the picture of "Mona Lisa": "Some think she looks like she's going to laugh; some that she is going to wink, and some think she looks like she's had too much dinner!"

15. English Class.
Miss Doub: Newton, go to board and write a business letter to Henry Holt & Co., 44 W. 53rd Street, New York City, ordering a copy of "Carolina Folk-Plays," edited by F. H. Koch.
Newton obediently went to the board and, after a little hesitation, wrote the following letter:

Henry Holt & Co.,
44 W. 53rd Street,
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Henry:
Enclosed you will find one dollar and seventy-five cents ($1.75), for one of your books called Carolina Folk-Plays, which was wrote by F. H. Koch. Please send as soon as possible.

Yours truly,
NEWTON MATHEWS.

16. Miss Jemison: Name four stages in candy-making, and give the test for each.
Pupil: Potatoes, flour, sugar, and butter, and the test is iodine.

17. Miss Walker (in lunch room, to Haywood coming to the counter the second time): Are you hungry, Haywood?
Haywood: No. Got a nickel.

The TARPITUR

The Contributors' Club

(With apologies to the "Atlantic.")

On Bluffing

'Tis easy enough to be brilliant
When your lessons you've learned like a song,
But the man who's the stuff, is the man who can bluff
And make you think that you're wrong.

But, my friend, unless you are one of those fortunate individuals upon whom have been bestowed this gift by kind Fate, then woe be unto you. Either prepare your lessons religiously or take your zero religiously, for you will be called on, count on that, and your sins will find you out, no matter how seemingly logically you apply your set rules of bluffing. It's truly a gift and, practice it as you will, it's unmasterable. The same circumstance never occurs twice, nor ever can be met in the same way.

Before I was convinced of (at least forced to) my present opinion I very often left my lessons unprepared, just to try my hand at bluffing; to have fun, as I would call it (usually to have fun the night before). But I've reached the above conclusion, you can or you can't, and I can't bluff. I have never succeeded in turning the recitation period into a general discussion of the "big fire," "the Turkish question," or "that new scientific discovery," nor have I ever counted my place at the board to get a certain second sentence or third proposition that I knew, that she has not decided to start numbering from the opposite end. I was never able to answer one question when I was asked another and get away with it, or relieve the situation by asking a question myself without awkwardly "spilling the beans." When I'm ignorant my whole countenance spells ignorance, and try as I may I cannot look intelligent. I know all the old stuff about raising or not raising your hand, according to the ones she usually calls on, but if you've ever waved your hand frantically for a question that you didn't know and then had her generously decide, "well, you *may* recite," then you've experienced that awful, embarrassed, confused sensation that I have every time I try to pull that "rule," and don't blame me for giving up all hope.

It's a deep, dark mystery—this thing called bluffing. For it isn't raising your hand, but how and when you raise it, nor asking a question, but how you ask it. So, if you are one of those who know and know that you know, not your lessons, but how to get away with it (or at least without it), then count your many blessings. But if you're destined by Fate to be deprived of those high and easily made grades, you may smile also, for—

Fail and the world fails with you,
Shine and you shine alone.

MARY CRAWFORD, '23.

The TARPITUR

Vanity Cases

In this day of hurry and scurry, a day when beauty, which would put even Venus to shame, can be bought for a quarter from almost any five and ten-cent store, the attention of men is called to vanity cases—those walking dressing tables—with a mirror, a compartment for powder, one for lip-stick, and another for the eyebrow pencil. But, lo! among the many there is still another compartment which I almost omitted, one which places the woman of snow-white complexion on equal terms with the owner of the rosiest of cheeks, that one containing the rouge itself.

In other ages women were content to dress at home and be satisfied with the beauty which God had given them. But with every age comes a change, and the vanity case came walking in hand in hand with Mr. Modern Time, or should I say Mrs. Modern Time, for it is among the feminine sex that it has found so great a refuge. The woman without a vanity case of some kind is about as rare as a rainstorm on the Sahara Desert.

Follow a woman from the time she goes upstairs to prepare herself to go uptown, or elsewhere until she returns. After remaining at the mirror for perhaps a half an hour or more, decorating her face with the necessities of modern beauty, she comes downstairs and proceeds on her way But alas!—proceeds, but—having almost reached the door she passes the last mirror, and glancing towards the same finds that the powder on her nose is not quite plentiful enough, or the rouge is not spread even. Out comes the vanity case—the first aid to a woman in need of beauty—and in ten minutes she is satisfied, and really gets on her way. Two blocks are actually covered when, behold! a man is seen approaching at a distance. Whether he is good looking or not can not be determined, but no chances are taken. Yes, it is the vanity case. She carefully examines herself, searching for the smallest defect, and touching up the same. The man is passed, and the popular little article remains deep down in that dark pocket until the drug store is reached. Here, by the aid of numerous mirrors, the owner's attention is called to another spot which desires the touches which only a woman's hand can give it. The treatment is applied and the patient is cured—that is, cured temporarily—and after partaking of that delicious soda she proceeds on her way. Thus does the owner act, pausing often to put to use the vanity case, until she returns home.

Her object, of course, is to look beautiful. She is attempting to deceive men. Her weapon is the vanity case. Whether she succeeds in her purpose I cannot say, for I have but the opinion of one. But if she does not, should the vanity case be blamed? Should it be condemned? It is fighting for the equality of beauty—it is struggling for an ideal day, one of beauty for everyone. The cause seems just. And if you watch those of the fair sex as they pass, you must take off your hat to Mr. Vanity Case and admire the beauty which he provides, even though it be artificial.

Edwin Ipock, '23.

A Visit to the Library

Friday night! What do these words not mean to the weary and toil-worn high school student after a week of hard work! Sometimes it means a party, thrills! Sometimes it means a trip to the movies—more thrills! And sometimes a good book. Not the kind of book that we have been studying all week, that is as dry as the Desert of Sahara, but a book that is full of romance and adventure, things that could never under any conceivable circumstances be thought of in connection with a high school. So, when a rainy Friday afternoon comes we troop down to the Library, with a glowing feeling of expectancy. When we get in the door, we see rows of brilliantly-colored and dingy books. (When we are very young, we get the brilliantly-colored ones because they are pretty; later we get the dingy ones; they have been read more.) We feel slightly confused by such a number, and hardly know which way to turn. So we gravitate towards the desk to ask the advice of the nice, kind lady there; that is, we do if it is our first trip; if we are old habitues we try and avoid her eagle eye. It is no use. She spies us, and we feel icy hands lowering the temperature of the glowing feeling of a few moments before.

"Katrinka," she says, "what grade are you in?" For six years, ten times a year, I have told Miss Smithkins what grade I am in. I reply, as usual and——

"Oh yes; well Katrinka, I am going to hold you girls to the list this year." The temperature of the glowing feeling goes down another 15°.

"I have read my one hundred points, Miss Smithkins, and now I want something quite light.'

"There are plenty of light authors on the list. Jane Austen and Conan Doyle are light."

My gorge rises at this. Evidently Miss Smithkins was never young.

"I've read them, Miss Smithkins. I—I don't think I'll get a book this afternoon. Too much school work."

I retreat slowly, but I am not allowed to get out.

"Katrinka, I want you to read a Dickens novel." Now there are certain things that I can be made to do, and certain things that I cannot. Reading Dickens is one of the latter. My reason tells me that Dickens is fine; that if I did read him I would enjoy him. Reason says that, but instinct rebels. Instinct is stronger than reason.

"Well, thank you, Miss Smithkins, I don't think I'll get one this evening." With a great show of bravado I walk out, her eagle eyes boring a hole through my back. I am defeated beaten, but I am thankful to escape as lightly as I do. I might have come home, arms laden with 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" or "The Last Days of Pompeii."

Crestfallen, I spend my much looked forward to Friday night at my next door neighbor's playing bridge. Will I or Miss Smithkins have to answer for this terrible sin?

ANDRINA MCINTYRE, '23.

A Chapter on Curls

(*With apologies to Mr. Lamb.*)

I have no curls. Alas! I am one of those pitiful, shrinking, timid, forlorn creatures destined to go through life without the luxurious, waving, rippling, crinkling crown of curls.

There are curls——

There is the long, golden, sun-kissed glory of Mary Pickford; the short ebony ringlets of Viola Dana; the kinky wool of the Ethiopian, and even the bushy head of the Fiji Islander.

——And curls.

If, perchance, you are not one of those fortunate beings endowed with this heavenly assert, you have to assist nature via the kid curler. This last kind of curls is divided into two groups; first, the fair weather curls when your hair can compare with Mary Pickford's, Viola Dana's, the Ethiopian's, and the Fiji Islander's combined, and the rainy day curls which can only be compared with an Indian's hair. The sad part of it is, I am one of those poor unfortunates who come under the list of—— "And Curls."

Blessed, yea, twice blessed are the more fortunate members of my sex without the need of sleeping in discomfort for beauty's sake!

Annie Battle Miller, '23.

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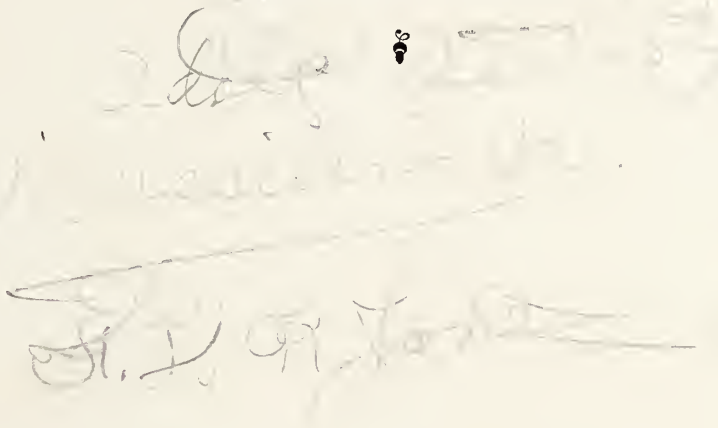

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